

PS 3527

.A78 H6

1912

Copy 1

HOMELY HARMONIES

GATHERED

“ALONG THE WAY”

JAMES PARKER NAUGLE





HOMELY HARMONIES

GATHERED

“ALONG THE WAY”



J. PARKER NAUGLE

Copyright 1912
By
JAMES PARKER NAUGLE
Iowa Circle
Washington, D. C.

PREFACE

NUMEROUS inquiries from friends, relative to "Crumbs of Comfort" "Morning and Evening" "Thoughts," Etc., copies of which are no longer in press, has led me again to present a few short articles from those written at different periods. Many of these in their preparation have seemed to meet some special need in my own experience.

Knowing well the only way to make enduring the good one may receive, is to pass it along to another, I am sending out in this form a few of the little helps Love has sent to me.

THE AUTHOR.

HOME

HOME is the outward manifestations of our indwelling with God. Its joys are the outward expressions, the echo of praise, the glad refrain, the secret rejoicing, unknown to physical sense, forever unheard by human ears.

Home is the abode of God. It is "a building not made with hands," a structure of Love, its only furnishings the fruits of spirit. Home! oh, the grandeur, the beauty, the sublimity the word implies. It is as boundless as limitless space. Its inner circle is the great heart of infinite Love.

Eternal good is here supplied,
And Love with manna all will feed,
Filling all seeming human need,
'Till none are left unsatisfied,
Who safely in His love abide.

HUMILITY.

WHERE duty calls, my way shall wend,
And love my footsteps will attend,
Though clouds of darkness may descend,
Love's hallowed! presence round will blend,—

A light that casts all fear aside,
And knows no evil can betide,
Where lurking error seems to hide,
For onward, upward love doth guide.

Within Thy presence dwells no fear,
No sense of lack when Thou art near;
To me Thy allness doth appear,
For Thou art love, and Thou art here.

In safety dwells my soul with Thee,
Each hallowed joy now proves me free;
Dear Father, may I ever be
Clothed with the Christ humility.

I CANNOT SEE AFAR THE WAY

I CANNOT see afar the way,
But thou art leading me this day ;
I need not know the where or how,—
When to thy will I humbly bow;
It is my *all* to only know,
The way that Thou would have me go.

Let others tell of want and woe ;
God's love to man, is mine, to know,
To daily 'waken from the dream
Of erring sense, that fain would seem
To bind with chains of sin and doubt—
Long erring thought has forged about.

I cannot see afar the way,
Which leadeth to eternal day ;
The countless byways 'cross my trail
By errors tread, cannot avail
To hide the day star of my youth,—
The longing for eternal Truth,—

That leads afar, the narrow way ;
Each foot step, count them if I may
Need not be seen ; only the Star,
Shepherd and wise men *saw afar*,
To lead me as the saints of old,
And step by step my way unfold.

THE SHEPHERD SONG

NOW sweetly falls each sacred chime!
The weary one tossed to and fro
By mortal fears that ebb and flow,
Pauses to listen to the chime
That brings to him a hope sublime,

From echoed prayer soft and low :
Dear Shepherd, show me how to go.

A woman's heart gave forth the song ;
Before the altar bending low,
With love for all mankind aglow,
Patiently she waiteth long,
Till meek appeal breaks forth in song
Of prayer and praise all men should know :
Dear Shepherd show me how to go.

A waiting world hears the refrain
Of prayerful song breathed forth to know
How best the seeds of truth to sow ;
And hosts now healed, in glad acclaim
A valiant leader's voice sustain
In loving song's harmonious flow :
Dear Shepherd, show me how to go.

Ring out in exultation strong
The greatest prayer yet given in song,
To Him all majesty belongs,
All praise from mighty ransomed throng !
For love to her must ever flow
Who leads the way, yet seeks to know—
Dear Shepherd, show me how to go.

LEAD THOU ME ON



LEAD ON and upward, voice of Truth,
'Till morning of eternal youth
Brings childish joys and simple trust
In Thee whose ways are wise and just.

Lead on and upward, Shepherd dear,
From consciousness cast out all fear,
Help me to hear Thy voice more clear,
And know Thy presence ever near.

Lead on and upward, Love divine,
From error's dross, now cleanse, refine,
And make this wild self will of mine
A fitting emblem for Thy shrine.

Lead on and upward, voice so sweet,
At morning's dawn so near to greet ;
To guide my faltering, erring feet,
In paths of peace, of joy replete.

Lead on ; I cannot ask for more ;
Thou art the way, the open door ;
Thy presence goeth on before,
And leads to Truth's eternal shore.

Lead on ; with Thee I rest in peace ;
From error's thrall I find release.
A quickening sense of Life increase,
For Thou art Christ, the Prince of Peace.

THY WILL BE DONE



OME, O, Thou great eternal One,
Who dwellest not in temples made with
hands,
But Who in cities' hurrying crowd,
By forest stream, in solitude of wooded
lands,
Or midst the rolling, darkening cloud,
Art ever near to know and understand,—
Help me to say this day: "Thy will be done."
Come, gentle Spirit, deathless Son,
My life illumine with love, my heart inspire,
To seek anew each day for truth and light,
And diligently Thy will inquire;
Within Thy temple, hid from mortal sight,
Here may I kneel before Thy altar fire,
And pray—my own subdued—"Thy will be done,"
Attune my ear, Thou only One,
To hear the promptings of Thy gentle will;
To understand and have no fear
But Thou wilt give me courage to fulfill
My duties, as I see them each appear,
And lift to Thee each thought, to know Thy will;
As prayer ascendeth may "Thy will be done."

STRIVING FOR THE RIGHT



O YOU want Life's conscious presence,
Power and strength for every fight,
Arming you with full assurance,
Strength and courage filled with might ?

Ask yourself each day this question :

Am I standing in the light ?
Full awake and fully conscious,
I am striving for the right ?

When cometh storm and bitter trial,
Filling life with seeming woe,
When you have made the last denial
And no selfish thought can know ;

When around has gathered darkness
Curtaining in the seeming night,—
Courage ! Light commands the darkness,
When I'm striving for the right.

When all fears are seen as shadows,
Clouds to hide life's beacon light,
Thoughts exalted lift the curtain
From Truth's majesty and might ;

Hands will beckon ever onward,
And the way grow smooth and bright,
Courage grows and fears are vanquished,
When I'm striving for the right.

Great possession and dominion
Come with conscious power of right;
Standing in its glorious freedom
Gave all ancient worthies might ;

Christ, our King commands the legions
Bringing victory in each fight;
Son of Light commands the darkness;
When I'm striving for the right.

"EVERYTHING IS COMING RIGHT"

DO YOU want to know the secret
Ever cheering, ever bright
That will chase away all troubles,
Turning darkness into light ?
Nothing better, nothing surer

Than to always keep in sight
'Midst your seeming cares and troubles,
"Everything is coming right."

In the time of greatest trials,
Bringing tears and care and woe,
'Midst your losses and your crosses,
Doubting is your greatest foe ;
Courage ! know that now you triumph,
Keep your motto plain in sight,
Know all fears are useless, groundless,
"Everything is coming right."

Never fear the clouds of error
Under which light seems to hide,
Know no fears can now assail you,
He is ever by your side ;
Let your aim be upward, onward ;
Ever face toward the light ;
Know but this, and know you know it,
"Everything is coming right."

Can you bring light out of darkness
Looking backward on the past ?
Or bring cheering beams of sunshine
From the cruel winter's blast ?
Then why look on desolation,
Turn your face toward the light,
See and know, and know you see it,
"Everything is coming right."

Give us, Lord, true inspiration ;
Help us climb to heights sublime ;
Clothe us with the glorious radiance
Of Thy presence, pure, divine ;
Bring us peace and joy in fullness,
By Thy majesty and might ;
Bring assurance without measure,
"Everything is coming right."

PROGRESS



RUE progress is the law of life,
'Tis found in earnest, ceaseless strife;
To lose all selfishness and aim
Another's good to try to gain.

The majesty of law and right
That rules by love and not by might,
Assures us progress is success
In casting out all selfishness.

The law of progress bids us fight
Our way from darkness into light;
To know the same sun shines each day
Though clouds of fear may hide the way.

It bids us daily just to try
To help some weary passer-by;
By look or word or smile each day
To cast some sunshine on his way.

Beginning thus we carve with care
Thought models beautiful and rare;
Though rough the boulder, day by day
Some rugged lines we clear away.

'Till thinking right in us has wrought
The image of the father thought;
And progress shows a model grand,
Formed by the Master Artist's hand

Copyright, 1908

SEEKING THE KINGDOM



O Hi Thou who doeth all things best,
Thou who art life and truth and rest,
Clothe with Thy light Thy erring child,
And make me pure and undefiled.

Thou art my strength, the only power;
Make thou my heaven this present hour;
Help me to know, to feel, to see
Thy presence now, that maketh free.

Thy nearness bringeth rest and peace,
With joy I find my trust increase
In Thee, who art my strong support
In storm or calm, the open port,

Wherein I now can safety find,
And dwell within the realm of Mind;
No more my goal beyond the skies;
Thy kingdom here within me lies.

STANDING IN THE LIGHT



H RMED I stand amid life's conflict;
Angel legions with me fight;
Power and might grow with the knowing—
"I am standing in the light."

Hosts opposing are but phantoms
Lacking substance, truth or might;
See! they fade; are ghostly shadows,—
When I'm standing in the light.

Powers of darkness have no terrors;
Forms that spring from out the night
Vanish with the conscious knowing,—
"I am standing in the light."

Serene, amid the mortal conflict
Of wrong that would usurp the right;
Secure, unharmed, saved by the knowing:
"I am standing in the light."

THE RIGHT IDEA

IT is not the man with the "fight idea",
Nor the man with the "original bright idea"
But the man exalted by Right's idea,
Who wins in the end the prize.

With his motto of "right" firmly fixed and set,
He vanquishes the "fight idea" when met,
And gets all the "fight idea" hoped to get,
For with right the victory lies.

He does not quit when he goes to bed,
On Right, as his pillow, he rests his head ;
While the fight man sleeps, he forges ahead,
And scores again in the game.

The right idea can know no strain,
In the battle where fight, as might, is slain ;
The right idea wins again and again,
And must always the victory claim.

The love of right is a growing force,
And the fountain of life its only source ;
For solving life's problems our sure recourse—
The banner victorious—RIGHT.

ALONG THE WAY



UT in the world there is work for me,—
Work all my own.
There are tasks my willing hands can do,
And mine alone.
Wherever duties' call may be,
Far or near, over land or sea,
The call to me is for service free
"Along the way."

Out in the world there are scalding tears
I can help dry.
Souls long burdened by doubts and fears,
Love stills the sigh.
There are faltering steps weary, weak,
Climbing the mountain cold and bleak,
Vainly a helping hand they seek
"Along the way."

Out in the world is a spot apart,
For me to till.
There are empty lives and those whose heart
Love's light will fill.
A place for me not high, not low,
Where Love-streams may be trained to flow,
And water the seeds I daily sow
"Along the way."

LOVE WILL EVER LEAD THE WAY



WHEN our hopes have nearly perished,
When the fires flicker low
On the altar faith has cherished,
And our faithless earth gods go;
When hope and trust to one imparted,
Kissing cometh to betray;
When earth's fond dream has but departed,—
"Love will ever lead the way."
When the last loved one is taken,
And the heart is turned to stone,
When you find yourself forsaken
In the desert all alone;
When the whole world seems an army,
Clad in battle's strong array;—
Let not mighty hosts alarm thee,
"Love will ever lead the way."
When all trust in human leadings
Is replaced by trust divine;
When the soul's immortal pleadings
Uplift thought to heights sublime;
When has crumbled self endeavor,
And we turn to Thee to pray;—
Lord Thou art our refuge ever,
"Love will ever lead the way."

“WHEN THE LIGHT OF LOVE SHINES IN”



ALL of our troubles are over,
When the Light of *Love* comes in ;
All of our cares and our sorrows,
All bitterness, blight, and sin
Depart as the fleeting shadows,
When the Light of *Love* breaks in,
With its glow of living sunshine,
Life's Springtime again to win.

All trials and troubles forgotten
At the gate of *Love's* estate,
Where we meet with the patient All-loving,
And gladly His will await ;
All envy, hate, jealousy, crumble,
Forever their blighting thrall
Is broken, when *Love* uplifts us
To know its infinite All.

All of the gloom and the shadow,
The troubled sleep of the night
Are gone when Love at life's window
Shines in with a gleam of light ;
All teachers, builders, bringers,
Are infants in swaddling clothes,
Until Love comes and lingers,
And each that presence knows.

"THE MANSION FAIR"



RISE to a higher sense of life!
Why stay in the turmoil of din and strife
When into a harmony deep and grand
Thou canst be led by unerring hand?

Come out of the darkness of self and sin;
Come, and a higher life enter thou in.
Leave the delusions which bind thy soul;
The kingdom of heaven should be thy goal
Fix now thy mind on things above;
Know thou no law but the law of Love;
And build for thyself a mansion fair
Of thoughts sublime, of jewels rare.
Guard well thy home in the realm of mind,
And know no error can entrance find;
That no envy, hatred, malice or strife,
Can enter thy dwelling to mar thy life.

LIGHTING THE WAY.



HERE are many who walk in the shadow;
They are by you wherever you go.
If you knew you could light up their path-
way
You would keep your light burning, I know.

Yet we know there are many lamps lighted,
Whose light cannot be seen afar,
When filled with the oil of Truth's, gladness,
They will shine steadily on as a star.

Then keep your light burning, my brother,
And trimmed for the coming of night;
There are many weary wanderers
In the wilderness seeking the light.

Though the winds blow fiercely my brother
And the storm of life rages about
If you tend your lamp well night and morning,
It will never burn down or go out.

TRUTH'S COMING



WE HAVE waited by the way-side,
'Till the dawn broke dim and gray,
We have seen the darkest hour,
'Ere the dawning of the day.

We have watched the glorious sunrise,
Lift the mist from off the hill,
And we said : " 'Tis like His coming;
He will find us waiting still,"

In the morning's glorious splendor,
Where the waking birds sing sweet,
And all nature wakes from slumber,
With the passing of His feet.

For He comes and goes in glory,
And abroad Love's light is cast,
As the soft glow of the morning,
Or the halo of day past.

JUST TODAY



MY first business today
Must be with God above,
To know His presence, power and
might,
The allness of His love.

My first thoughts go to Him,
And He will walk with me
Through vale, by stream, or mountain side,
He is my company.

I must start this day with God,
The risen sun of day ;
The radiance of the morning's dawn
The light to flood my way.

Then through the toiling hours,
'Till coming of the night,
He will my efforts prosper well,
And guide each step aright.

"PEACE, BE STILL"



LONE ! in quiet stillness may I hear
The Master's voice: "Peace, peace, be
still!"

To soothe my throbbing heart and dry
my tears,

To save me from the thralldom of my
fears.

The storms and mortal discord of past years

Are dissipated when I know Thee near,
And hark Thy words,—“Peace, peace, be still!”

Alone with Thee! Oh, precious thought most blessed,

To dwell in raptured consciousness until
Thy wondrous love, e'en now so faintly guessed,
Has filled me with unfailing peace and rest,

Till, lifted far above all doubts possessed,
I may bring daily one by woe oppressed
To know Thy voice,—“Peace, peace, be still!”

Aroused to know that in Thy universe is planned

No death, no sorrow, sin nor ill!

No night called death can come to those who stand

Within the shadow of Thy sheltering hand!

No change comes o'er the works that Thou hast
planned,

But all is seen in its majestic beauty grand,
Through sense subdued,—“Peace, peace, be still!”

At last! to feel Thy presence near,

That binds the sense of human will
With cords of Love! Why need I fear?

O'erbrooding all, Love's atmosphere is clear;
It lifts the curtain from my pathway drear,

And up beyond there comes to listening ear,
In tender accents,—“Peace, be still!”

OUR REFUGE



OD IS LOVE—The realization of this enveloping presence calms all fears. Its very calmness is power. It is "the peace, peace be still," by which the Master controlled the winds and the waves. It is victory, the time of seeming defeat. It is refuge in the face of disaster, and ample protection in moments of discouragement or distraction. It is strength in the hour of weakness, and power to them that have no might. Its realizations destroy sickness and sin, and triumph over the last enemy. If you know "God is Love," if you know aught of man created in His "image and likeness," this knowing disrobes error. This knowing casts about our neighbor a mantle of charity, filling each heart with loving confidence. This, coupled with a willingness to work, watch and pray, rejoicing every step of the way, lifting grateful hearts to God for every little victory, pouring out thanks for every blessing, while daily counting those blessings until they multiply in conscious thought, will cause our gratitude to swell into an everlasting song of praise, and joyful acclaim "God is Love."

Come Love divine, serene and still
And all my conscious being fill

With light today.

Guide me through the night
To find the path of right,
Fill Thou my soul with light

And lead the way.

ABUNDANCE

They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house and thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasure. (Psalms 36.)

OH, Thou who hast all good supplied,
Shall I Thy promises deny,
And on some other help rely,
When limitation does its most
To fetter, bind and stultify

With vain regrets and blighting fears
Accumulated through long years
Of mortals groping in the dark,
Refusing this Thy word to hark—

“They shall be abundantly satisfied.”

Can limitation's law deceive ?

Shall barrier made by mortal mind
Bring woe and want to mortal kind,
And bind by error's make-believe
That God hath not all good supplied ?

Is limitation's barrier real,
When from man it would all things steal,
By shutting out with groundless fears
The message that would reach all ears —

“They shall be abundantly satisfied.”

Thy promises are full and sure ;
From out the great infinite fount
'Round which Thy holy hills surmount,
Flow living streams of substance pure,
From which each need may be supplied;
And channels made through sand-duned plain
Of limitation's false domain,
Show Eden, once again aglow
With living fruits, and each may know
“They shall be abundantly satisfied.”

LIMITATIONS

INFINITE mind can know nothing of limitation. * * * * *

Limitation is a barrier set up by material belief, unreal and false, because of the falsity of mortal concept. The world strives to climb over this barrier leaving it intact. Strong men armed with Truth force an opening and the barrier disappears—What matter if we come to the end of mortal mind sense of resource? We cannot come to a limit, for the “*all in all*” is limitless. The glorious light of Truth shows always in front boundless possibilities. By seeking above in the infinitude of Spirit, “the only substance,” may always be found the highway out of the bogs of limitation. Here man is found to be the offspring of infinite good, the child of limitless possibilities.

COME THOU TO ME

COME Thou to me as evening shadows fall,
As darkness gathers hear Thou now my call;

The weakness of all earthly help I see,
Strength of my weakness, Lord, come
Thou to me.

Come Thou to me, and evermore abide,
Earth's joys no more from me Thy presence hide;
Bid changing mortal concepts from me flee;
Oh, Thou the changeless one, come Thou to me.

Come Thou to me, I need Thee every hour;
With Thee I dwell beyond the tempter's power.
Thou art my stay and Thou my light wilt be;
Mid gloom of error, Lord, Come Thou to me.

Come Thou to me, all fears shall fly away,
No tears, no ills, no bitterness can stay
My trust in Thee, Thou Christ the victory,
'Mid sin and death, dear Lord, come Thou to me.

Come Thou to me, aye, Thou art ever near;
But asking Thee has helped me to draw near,
And know Thy presence everywhere and see,
“Come Thou to me” is but “I come to Thee.”

"LET THERE BE LIGHT"

IN the dawning of the morning,
When the earth was formless void,
The Voice of Order, Truth and Law
Discord and night destroyed.

It comes to-day, is for all ears ;
The same omniscient call,—
"Let there be light"—rolls down the years,
And lighteth one and all.

Again, has dawned another morn,
The stone is rolled away
From the door of understanding,
And mankind comes there to pray.

Behold! the tomb of doubt and fear,
Again, is filled with light ;
The Master near, again I hear—
"What seek ye" of the night ?

Before the dawning of the morn
Of each succeeding day
When man's benighted, darkened sense
Is struggling up the way,

The Voice that spake and brought forth all,
Each empty void will fill :
"Let there be light!"—Hark to the call!
It healeth ev'ry ill.

THE MASTER IS COMING

(ABRIDGED)

I WAS told "The Master is Coming
To honor the town today,
And none can tell at what house or home
The Master will choose to stay."

And I thought as my heart beat quickly
"What if He came to mine!
How would I strive to welcome
And honor this Guest divine?"

Straightway I turned to toiling,
My dwelling must be neat;
Must be swept, polished, and garnished,
And bedecked with flowers sweet;

Just then in the midst of my labor
A woman came by my door
And stopped to tell me her sorrows
"And my comfort and help implore."

But I said, "I cannot listen
Nor help you any today
I have greater things to attend to,"
And sent her tearful away.

Then deftly my work I hastened;
My task was nearly done,
And an anxious prayer was breathed anew
That the Master to me might come.

And I knew I would hasten to meet Him
And serve Him forever more
When Lo! a child stood by me
Hungry and needy sore—

And I said, "I am sorry for you, dear,
I hate to turn you away,
But some one will feed and clothe you, dear,
As I am too busy today."

My busy day was ended,
Conscious of work well done ;
For my house was swept and garnished,
Yet the Master had not come.

"He has entered some other door," I cried,
"And gladdened some other home."
Just then the Master stood by me,
His grave face wondrous fair ;

"Three times today I came to your door
And craved your pity and care ;
Three times you sent me onward,
Unhelped and un comforted,
And the blessing you might have had was lost,
And your chance to serve has fled."

"Oh Lord, dear Lord, forgive me !
How could I know it was Thee ?"
What else could I say to the Master
From my depth of humility ?"

Hush ! He said, "the sin is pardoned,
But the blessing is lost to thee ;
In comforting not the least of mine,
Ye have failed to comfort me."—*Abridged.*

THE WELL-SPRINGS OF YOUTH



OH COME! Sing the old songs again;
The heart can never grow old,
When love tales of youth are retold;
Past days that gleamed with threads
of gold
Are ours to have, to share and to hold
By hearking some old loved refrain.
Oh come! Be the same boys and girls,
Youth's springtime again employ,
Welding anew the chain of life's joy,
Where links have been weakened by sorrow's
alloy;
For fifty wild winters have failed to destroy
Joy's garland, youth fastened with pearls.
Oh come! Just visit the old domain
Where youth held absolute sway;
From the desert of troubles away
To the scenes of youth's gladness and play,
To sing the old song, old love vows repay,
And live in youth's gladness again.
Come sing! Bid phantom of age depart;
It is but the reflex of thought;
The fountain of youth all ages have sought,
Can never with gold or silver be bought,
Yet the impress of youth in each is wrought
When youth's songs and joys fill the heart.

BEAVER VALLEY



WEET VALLEY ! All hail and adieu !—
My heart beats with love ever true.
Here vigorous days of childhood were spent,
Mid hardships forgot, mid scenes that have
lent

A charm that must ever seem new.

All wrongs, and all trials forgot,
In memory they have left no blot.
For coming and going no spot is so fair,
No fields are so verdant, no flower so rare,
Though far over mountains I've sought.

Oh, Beaver ! Oh, valley so fair !
Did ever such wine fill the air ?
No place where the humble, the meek and the low,
Could feel that on earth for him was a show,
To be found in the world other-where.

Always when the old world seems blue,
My heart leaps in yearning anew ;
From cruel misfortune and powers of fate
That come to each mortal sooner or late,
Once again I hasten to you,

And stand amid the sheaves on the hill,
And watch the light fading until
The last gleam of sunshine the hilltops has kissed,
And down in the valley has stole a soft mist,
That clings to memory still.

Hark ! Once again the wild whippoorwill
Sounds its night call plaintive and shrill,—
A call from the harvest days now gone,
To gather the sheaves past labor has won,
Ere cometh the "peace be still."

SUCCESS



THE problem of life, just how to succeed,
How best we may meet each physical
need,
Has been told by the wise in prose and in
rhyme,
Since the advent of man, the beginning
of time

And many have thought to head the throng,
By crowding and pushing their way along,
Thinking of money as the only power,
And following this vision each waking hour.

Still others have coupled success with fame,
And have fanned ambition into a flame,
Stifling the inner pleadings of soul,
While madly making ambition their goal.

Caring but little what cause they espouse,
If only the plaudits of men they arouse,
Like Judas their birthright of honor they've sold
For the cheap sense of fame and the glitter of gold.

Is this success? Is it fully believed?
Can mortals blindly thus be deceived?
Can success be measured by ought but the rod
Delivered to Moses by the angel of God?

Could the pomp and the glory of Egypt withstand
The pleadings and leadings of justice's demands?
Can success be real or can it have worth,
If ought but the spirit of Love gives it birth?

Ah! the spirit of Truth is abroad in the land;
No material force can its progress withstand;
It points to success through the great law of Life,—
The roadway of Love, far above mortal strife.

"THE PARTING OF THE WAYS"



MEMORY turns to early childhood
When we gathered 'round the hearth,
Dreaming not of home and future,
Far removed from land of birth.

One by one as come the seasons,
Came the parting of the way,
And each one had his own good reasons
Why he longer must not stay.

Long since the days of separation
The parting ways have grown wide,
Yet early childhood's delegation,
Will in memory long abide.

Broad as seemed the home of childhood,
My home now doth broader seem;
Its bounds were made of walls of wood,
My bounds are the sunlight's gleam.

The tall grass where the song bird nested,
Other mowers have made into hay;
But the song is mine, 'tis attested,
By its ring in my heart today.

Of the wood which fringed the hill and glen,
May be left no trunk or bough;
But the song the dark wood sang to me then
Was for me; I'm hearing it now.

The boyhood gates were wood set in stone;
Mine now are pearls set in gold;
They guarded the treasures of earth alone;
Mine the joys of eternity hold.

OUR DAILY PRAYER



OUR FATHER,—*Thou infinite one,*
Which art in Heaven,—*to Thee I come.*
Hallowed be—*each thought of Thee ;*
Thy name—*brings joy and peace to me ;*
Thy Kingdom come—*in me this day;*
Thy will be done—*in Thine own way,*
In earth—*to me that peace unfold,*
As it is in Heaven—*by Christ foretold;*
Give us this day—*a thankful heart,*
Our daily bread,—*of love impart*
And forgive us—*Lord, our doubts, our fears,*
Our debts,—*of all the by-gone years*
As we forgive,—*give us Thy peace;*
Our debtors,—*hope and joy increase;*
And lead us not—*be Thou our stay*
Into temptation,—*is not Thy way;*
But deliver us—*and Thou shalt be*
From evil,—*our sufficiency;*
For Thine is the Kingdom,—*Limitless Mind*
And the power and the glory, forever, *Thine.*

(Copyright 1907)

PRESS OF
THE CRANE PRINTING CO.
WASHINGTON, D. C.



OCT 22 1912

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 929 760 3